

And in this madnes, if I hazard thee  
And take thy life, I deale but truely.

*Arc.* Fie Sir.

You play the Childe extreamely: I will love her,  
I must, I ought to doe so, and I dare,  
And all this justly.

*Pal.* O that now, that now  
Thy false-selfe and thy friend, had but this fortune  
To be one howre at liberty, and graspe  
Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly reach thee  
What tw'er to filch affection from another:  
Thou art baser in it then a Cutpurse;

Put but thy head out of this window more,  
And as I have a soule, Ile naile thy life too't.

*Arc.* I thou dar'st not foole, thou canst not, thou art feeble,  
Put my head out? Ile throw my Body out,  
And leape the garden, when I see her next

*Enter Keeper.*

And pitch between her armes to anger thee.

*Pal.* No more; the keeper's comming; I shall live  
To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles.

*Arc.* Doe.

*Keeper.* By your leave Gentlemen:

*Pal.* Now honest keeper?

*Keeper.* Lord *Arcite*, you must presently to'th Duke;  
The cause I know not yet.

*Arc.* I am ready keeper.

*Keeper.* Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile bereave you  
Of your faire Cosens Company.

*Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.*

*Pal.* And me too,  
Even when you please of life; why is he sent for?  
It may be he shall marry her, he's goodly,  
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice  
Both of his blood and body: But his falsehood,  
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that  
Get him a wife so noble, and so faire;  
Let honest men ne're love againe. Once more

I would but see this faire One: Blessed Garden,  
And fruite, and flowers more blessed that still blossome  
As her bright eies shine on ye. would I were  
For all the fortune of my life hereafter  
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricocke;  
How I would spread, and fling my wanton armes  
In at her window; I would bring her fruite  
Fit for the Gods to feed on: youth and pleasure  
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her,  
And if she be not heavenly I would make her  
So neere the Gods in nature, they should feare her.

*Enter K.*

And then I am sure she would love me: how now  
Wher's *Arcite*?

*Keeper.* Banishd: Prince *Pirithous*  
Obtained his liberty; but never more  
Vpon his osh and life must he set foote  
Vpon this Kingdome.

*Pal.* Hees a blessed man,  
He shall see Thebes againe, and call to Armes  
The bold yong men, that when he bids 'em charge  
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* shall have a Fortune,  
If he dare make himselfe a worthy Lover,  
Yet in the Feild to strike a battle for her;  
And if he lose her then, he's a cold Coward;  
How bravely may he beare himselfe to win her  
If he be noble *Arcite*; thousand waies:  
Were I at liberty, I would doe things  
Of such a vertuous greatnes, that this Lady,  
This blushing virgine should take manhood to her  
And seeke to ravish me.

*Keeper.* My Lord for you  
I have this charge too.

*Pal.* To discharge my life.

*Keep.* No, but from this place to remoove your  
The windowes are too open.

*Pal.* Devils take 'em  
That are so envious to me; pre'thee kill me.